

LOTR- Retold

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Summary: the story told with OCs. my sister (Hannahlosa) and me (ElleanorÃ-). should be ok. i own only my OCs but nothing else. unfortunately.

1. meeting

**My OCs are variations of me and my sister. THIS STARTS AT THE SECRET COUNSEL.**

**I will cut/expand/edit dialog to adapt it for the story.**
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Lord Of The Rings: Retold.

3rd person P.O.V.

ElleanorÃ- sat watching Rivendell's guests arrive. Her short dark hair swung in the breeze as she smiled atop her treetop perch. Her gaze followed Legolas GreenLeaf and Hannahlosa AshTree as they entered on horseback and she wished this meeting was under more pleasant circumstances, for seeing her friends was usually enjoyable.

She has short, ebony hair; olive skin and a slender profile. Her eyes are golden pupils and all that perfectly capture the sun at dusk. Her outfit consists only of a Khaki green tunic, leggings and black leather belt and boots with her duel katanas strapped across her back, sais in her belt and a malachite pendent around her neck. She is a Natural Entatine, an entity of life. She has powers over nature and she can shape shift into any living creature at will and can

utilise their senses in human form, moving swiftly and stealthily. She lives entirely as an explorer, never staying in one place for more than a month. She can speak any language like all Entatine beings. Entatine are (for the most part) rarely seen beings with only around 100 alive, scattered through the cosmos, all with different powers and most live in total seclusion. Her main weapons are her katanas and sais but she often uses nature itself. She often shifted to fight. Most of her friends call her OrÃ-.

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Hannahlosa entered Rivendell with Legolas and glancing round she saw ElleleanorÃ- hanging of the highest boughs of a great oak surveying the area. The urgency and secrecy of the meeting put her on edge and she knew Legolas was feeling much the same.

She has long, wavy, chocolate hair and an elfish profile (tall and slim). Her eyes are the azure of the sky and they are often the only reveal to the emotions she feels. She dresses in identical attire to Legolas different only in colour for it was navy blue. Her right index finger bares a metal ring engraved in Elfish reading, "_I FIGHT BECAUSE I HOPE FOR SOMETHING BETER_." She is a woodland Elf and one of the bravest fighters in Middle-Earth with a name known to almost all who live. She honed the ability to heal with incantations and physical contact. She speaks Elfish; dwarfish and human (English) with the third as her most used tongue. Her main weapon is her bow and enchanted quiver of arrows that never runs out with an armoury of elfish knives as backup. Her nickname is Hannah.

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The council started up and ElleleanorÃ- shifted into a butterfly with golden wings riddled with silver ribbons and fluttered around listening into the meeting her friends were attending unable to restrain the smile that crept onto her butterfly face when she watched the commotion. Hannahlosa sat watching the turmoil in utter boredom. She hadn't even stood up as the debates of who would take the ring started, everyone arguing like 4 year olds. There was simply no point. Then the hobbit stood up and she realised any attempt to maintain normality would be in vain.

"I will take the ring!" Uh, ok then.

"I will be your guide." Gandalf.

"You have my sword." Aragorn.

"And my bow." Legolas.

"And my axe." Gimli.

"You hold the fates of all of us little one." Boromir.

Hannahlosa stood, "You really think you'll get 5 miles without me?"

Three other hobbits suddenly ran out yelling that Frodo wouldn't be going anywhere without them and I smile. A lone butterfly flutters down its wings glinting in the setting sunlight as it lands on a nearby yet high branch catching only Hannahlosa's eye. It becomes

ElleanorÃ- as it lands and her golden eyes fix upon the fellowship as she jumps in front of them. Only she, Legolas and Aragorn seemed unfazed at her appearance.

"Any room for me on this quest, I my entire skillset."

Elrond pauses before nodding despite the confusion. The ring would be safest in these strong hands. He looks at the group standing there and a small smile slips onto his face. It consists of one valiant Ranger, one proud Knight, one courageous Dwarf, two dauntless Elves, four loyal Hobbits, one wise Wizard and one spirited Entatine. 11 heroes to save this world.

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The next morning they leave. ElleanorÃ- watches the others prepare bags and weapons for themselves. She merely watched and packed none for as an Entatine she needed no sustenance or rest. She didn't eat or excrete and could only die if she was killed. Her weapons were often ill-perceived for they were mainly used by the assassins from the far south but she loved their reliability. Her golden eyes swept across the room taking in every fine detail her ears filtering out conversations and listening only to the water riding over the falls and leaves quivering in the wind and foreshadowing the hell they all knew was coming.

Gimli studied the team he now had to work with. He looked briefly at the knight, Boromir, and though he looked rather greedily towards the ring. Better keep an eye on him around Frodo. Then there were the hobbits, Frodo, Sam, Pippin and Merry, who would need to be taught more fighting and he wanted to keep them safe despite having only just met them. The ranger, Aragorn, was brave and wouldn't need help. He was completely self-sufficient. The male Elf, Legolas, he had already decided, was not someone he was going to become friends. However like all from Mirkwood, the prince could hold his own. Gandalf was still just Gandalf. The female Elf, Hannahlosa, was well known and if she was half as good as rumours said she would be fine. She swept around with the air of Mirkwood and as a well-trained soldier who would follow without hesitation. The final girl, ElleanorÃ-, seemed to be an assassin. She stood there without packing anything in simple clothes, assassin's weapons and instead watched the others. He would like to know more about her.

Later that day they set outâ€|

2. mountains

**I do not own.**

**Italics are other languages but I will state what language beforehand.**

LOTR: Retold.

3rd person P.O.V.

They had walked for the entire day uninterrupted but tense at all times. Now, as they sat at the edge of the forest in the shade of a colossal oak with a fire crackling. The sky was painted a mix of peach and berry hues. The group began to relax but no-one really knew each other and until they did they wouldn't work effectively as a team. Knowing this ElleanorÃ- decided to start a conversation.

"If we are a team should we not know each other more? Different cultural stories, myths, legends, that sort of thing."

Boromir agreed, "It would help. We have many stories in Gondor."

Gimli nodded, "What about you? Where are you from, the city of CorsÃairs or perhaps the hills of Evendim?"

ElleanorÃ- laughed, "I am not 'from' anywhere but I have stories from all of those places should you wish to hear them."

Gimli wouldn't admit it but he was rather annoyed about how much secrecy came from the girl who decided they should share.

The next few hours were spent sharing stories from all over Middle Earth. There were tales from Gondor, Rivendell, the mountains/mines, the Shire and hundreds of places ElleanorÃ- had been. They then moved onto nicknames both past and current.

Hannahlosa started, "Soâ€| Tithen'las, are you still a little leaf?"

Legolas sighed and shook his head, "No, Hannahlosa I am not. That was a nickname from when I was a child."

ElleanorÃ- laughed and muttered, "It was especially fitting when you fell out of that tree like a leaf on a rope."

The whole group laughed at this and Legolas looked embarrassed before he said, "what about you Hannahlosa? Or should I say laceration?"

Aragorn now looked up, "Laceration, I thought that name faded out?"

She laughed and said, "Not with these two as friends, Strider." pointing at Legolas and ElleanorÃ-. "How about you six, Boromir, Gimli, Sam, Frodo, Merry, Pippin? We all know Gandalf's. The Grey Pilgrim."

They all shook their heads but Merry and Pippin laughed and said, "Unless troublemakers count."

Boromir suddenly looked over at the hills and paused. He turns back to the group and asks, "Does anyone know the legend of the Shadow Shifter? I have obviously heard it but I don't know it off by heart."

Sam spoke up, "I have never heard it at all. It's not a story told in the Shire."

"Oh" Hannahlosa beamed, "Its brilliant. A figure appears and disappears in day and night its shadow changing shape and moving around without boundaries. It has also been seen to save lives and it's been around forever."

Gimli followed on, "It also goes by the nature's child."

Legolas continued, "It is said to be blessed with the spirits of life."

ElleanorÃ- finished, "And yet it is still just a tale."

Legolas countered, "Just because you have never seen the Shadow Shifter?"

Gandalf spoke the thoughts on their minds, "A wanderer who has never seen the Shadow Shifter. Surely that cannot be."

ElleanorÃ- sighed before retorting, "I would have seen it if it existed."

Hannahlosa muttered incoherently so only Legolas and ElleanorÃ- could hear, "or if you looked in a mirror." And then stated, "You guys sleep. OrÃ- and I will take first watch."

The fire crackled as one by one the fellowship succumbed to sleep.

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ElleanorÃ-'s P.O.V.

We rose and left in record time. Only at mid-day did we stop for lunch. We stayed on a rocky outcrop near the mountains and a debate started. It focused on going either through the Gap of Rohan, over the mountains or through the Mines of Moria but I was too busy listening to the sounds around me. Nature was telling me there was something was awry, something I hadn't noticed. The hobbits laughed while they were practicing with their swords and the sight of them attacking Boromir was one of beauty but I was still unnerved.

I heard Gimli scoff, "It's just a wisp of cloud." And my attention snapped to them.

Legolas indicated, "It is moving too fast and against the winds."

I used my senses to hear, see and smell that it was no cloud, "Crebain from Dunland, Hide!"

We all hid behind rocks and bushes but I knew they would have seen movement so I took a huge risk. I shifted into beetle and moved away before shifting into a red fox and slipping across the rocks tilting my head while I looked at the birds before moving behind some other rocks. I then shifted back into a beetle and returned to where I had originally hidden.

Once they were gone Merry exclaimed, "Did you see that fox?"

Aragorn nodded, "It seemed oddly intelligent."

Hannahlosa agreed, "It saved our lives. The Crebain would have seen movement and would have known we were there. I wonder where it went."

Gandalf sighed, "The Gap of Rohan is blocked. We must go over the mountain. We must take the path of Caradhras."

I sighed but agreed. It was the only way. I was glad no-one suspected me and that those who did wouldn't voice it. Despite being alone all my senses were straining to keep our group safe.

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Up on the mountain the bitter cold bit at all the exposed flesh they showed but I remained immune to its chill wearing nothing but the tunic and leggings I started in. I would have loved to shed my humanoid form for one with fur and padded feet like a wolf but if I had my secret would be a secret no longer even though I had the feeling of foreboding, like it wouldn't be a secret much longer anyway.

As we climbed higher a foul voice cut through the air. Legolas voiced this to the group and Hannahlosa nodded, "Saruman." Our climb slowed further as the storm worsened and soon I realised the hobbits were freezing and they would soon die. The foul voice rang out again, clearer and louder than before. Rocks and clumps of snow fell onto us.

Aragorn pleaded, "He is bringing down the mountain. We must turn back."

As he said this, an avalanche collapsed down on top of us and I felt myself being pulled over the edge.

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. _**(Do I leave it here on a cliffy, nah?)**_

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As I fell I twisted and shifted into a falcon as I fell, opening my wings before soaring upward into the skies and then diving, landing and shifting simultaneously so my feet touched down onto the snow as human ones rather than talons.

Gimli's P.O.V.

I saw the snow pull ElleanorÃ- off the mountain and I would have yelled her name had I not almost suffocated on snow instead. We pulled ourselves out and I almost sobbed when Boromir asked where ElleanorÃ- was. I started to tell him she fell but only a few seconds after I started a falcon shot past me and high into the air. It then

closed in its wings and plummeted, apparently about to land when it blurred and became the last thing any of us expected. Or at least that is what I thought.

ElleanorÃ- yelled out above the winds, "We must leave now. This will be the death of the hobbits and should someone fall, the death of them as well."

Gandalf stated, "Let the ring bearer decide!"

To everyone's relief Frodo stuttered, "We will go through the mines."

Gandalf frowned, "So be it."

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As we reached the entrance, Gandalf set about opening it and I went to confront ElleanorÃ- to find she was talking to Hannahlosa, Legolas and Aragorn in elfish, meaning I didn't understand.

L: _The secret is out._

A:_ They will want the full truth. _

H:_ They can want it but you don't have to tell them. Give them a half-truth, just a shape shifter, cursed at birth, something like that._

L:_ You could tell them you are the Shadow Shifter but after your blatant denial last night you would need a good excuse._

E:_ This isn't good. Not at all._

L:_ The situation is not unsalvageable._

E:_ Not for me. You howeverâ€|_

H:_ Someone is listening aren't they?_

E:_ Yup. Gimli would probably love to know how much you knew. _

A:_ Ahh, but that is your secret to tell, not ours._

E:_ Time to face the musicâ€|_

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**Next time ElleanorÃ- explains and Hannahlosa finds it highly amusing.**

End
file.